

In the Senate of the United States petitioners favorable to the pretensions of slavery, from whatever source they may come, are respectfully received and referred, while memorials for the repeal of the kidnapping law, though signed by thousands of the purest and best men in the country, are nailed to the table without ceremony. O, what a blessed Union is that which binds the North to the South!

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Miscellaneous.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

The Man who Couldn't say "No."

Paul Trotter was a man who was every body's friend but his own. His course in life seemed to be directed by the maxim of doing for every body what every body asked him to do, even to the extent of impossibilities, but in which of course he failed. Whether it was that his heart beat responsive to every other heart, or that he did not like to give offence, or that he could be bothered to resist importunity, we could never precisely ascertain; but certain it is, that he was rarely or never asked to sign a requisition, to promise a vote, to lend money, or to endorse a bill, that he did not at once comply. He couldn't say "no," and there were many, who knew him well, who said he had not the courage to do so.

I knew him when a mere boy. He was then the scapegoat of the school. Every mad-cap trick which came to the master's ears, was fathered on Paul. One day a gross caricature of the master drawn with chalk on the blackboard, met his eyes on entering the schoolroom when least expected. "Whose trash is this?" Is it yours, sirrah?" bellowed the algebric Triton, turning to a quaking youth with chalky fingers, suspiciously standing near the blackboard. "No!" was the bold answer, and he turned in the direction of little Paul. "Then it was you, scoundrel!" Paul could not say "no," of course he was thrashed as usual—for there was little mercy shown in that school as in most other schools in our younger days.

Another time, when some of the boys, among them Paul, were out at their usual forenoon interval, the master's big dog came bounding into the school-room with a great tin pan tied to his tail, and flew along the passage between the forms, where the master was flourishing his cane over the heads of his trembling industry; the dog caught him under the legs, and cutting him over in an instant, his heavy body falling between the dog and the pan. You may conceive the howling of the dog, the consternation of the pupils, and the tremendous indignation of the fallen pedagogue. Of course the mischief was fathered on poor Paul, and as he couldn't say "no," or at least, said it as if it were unnatural to him, or untrue, he suffered as usual.

Any idle truant who wanted a companion, and asked Paul to accompany him, was sure of his acquiescence. He was sent on all imaginable errands: to a bookseller, to ask if he had a copy of "The History of Adam's Grandfather," to a grocer, for a penny worth of "dove's milk," or to a saddler, for some "strap oil," which generally brought him a warning. He would be presented with an egg, which on being deposited for safety in his breeches-pocket, his tempter would "squash" forthwith by a blow, and then Paul had to dig out the remains from pen-knives, whip-cords, and marbles. Once a doctor's boy tempted him to rub his cheeks with cantharides plaster, to "make the hair grow," but after a night's smarting, which Paul suffered patiently in hope of the result, what was his surprise, on contemplating himself in the glass next morning, to find a crop, not of whiskers, but of blisters!

But he grew out of jackets and buttons, and left school to enter the world, where the consequences arising from saying "yes" and "no" are more serious than at school. Paul's infirmity accompanied him. He was importuned—as who is not?—to do this, that, and the other thing, for the advantage or pleasure of others. He had not the heart to refuse. A party of pleasure was proposed—Paul could never say "no," and he went. He had a glass of something hot this could evening? Paul was unanimous with the proposer; and on these occasions Paul's habit of acquiescence not infrequently led to his being selected as paymaster. Often he promised what he could not perform—for instance, to be at two places at the same time, for he could not say "no" to either solicitation; and he began to have a bad name; his friends said they could not rely upon him—he was not a man of his promise. He promised too much, and he was not to be trusted before he earned it; he promised to go to the theater with one party, and to join an evening party elsewhere on the same night. He refused nothing—couldn't say "no" to any solicitation.

His father left him a snug little fortune, and he was at once beset by persons wanting a share of it. Now was the time to say "no," if he could; he did not like to be bored; could not bear to refuse; could not stand importunity; and almost invariably yielded to the demands made upon his purse. At one time it was a baby-linen providing society; at another time an association for a monument to some deceased railway man, or some great stump-orator (no matter what his politics); and again a joint stock company, for the supply of sweet milk for the metropolis; or it was a new theatre, or a temperance hall, or a chapel, or a charity ball for the Poor; had it been a gin palace, he sure you would have seen Paul Trotter's name in the list of subscribers.

While his money lasted, he had no end to friends. He was universal friend—every body's bondsman. "Just sign me this little bit of paper," was a request often made to him by particular friends. "What is it?" he would mildly ask—not for the purpose of raising any objection—far from it; but simply for information—for satisfaction; for with all his simplicity the honest creature sometimes prided himself on his caution! "One must not sign every bit of paper presented to him," he would observe on these occasions. And yet he never refused—not he. "Oh, it is all right; one cannot refuse such little favors to a friend," he said. "Three months after, a bill for a rather heavy amount would fall due, and who should be called on to make it good but every body's friend—Goldie Paul Trotter? Many a time he thus burnt his fingers, but never learned wisdom from his losses.

At last a mislatter, for whom he was bondsman—a person with whom he had only a nodding acquaintance—suddenly came to a stand in his business, ruined by heavy speculations in funds and shares, and Paul was called upon to make good the heavy duties to the crown. It was a heavy stroke for never grew wise. He was a post, against which every needy fellow came and rubbed himself; a tap, from which every thirsty soul could drink; a fitch, at which every hungry dog had a pull; an ass, on which every mischievous urchin must have his ride; a mill, that ground everybody's corn but his own; in

short, a good-hearted fellow, who couldn't for the life of him say "no."

In his better days Paul was a borough voter. An election happened, and one day a sniveling agent, accompanied by a candidate for Paul's suffrage, marched into his office. "I have the honor to introduce you to Sir Ralph Wheelpeezle, Baronet, a candidate for the representation of this ancient borough in Parliament." A low bow from Paul, and ditto from the Baronet. "He is a friend to all good measures, of all large and beneficial plans of reform, and an enemy to all abuses and corruptions in Church and State. Knowing your opinion, I have no doubt we shall have the honor of your support at the approaching election." Paul rubbed his hands—"I shall have the greatest pleasure—I am quite in favor of the principles you have just stated, and shall be glad to have the honor of recording my vote in favor of Sir Ralph." A hearty shake of the hands, a few commonplace remarks from Sir Ralph, an entry made in the little agent's canvassing-book, and the worthy pair marched out, with loud huzzas from the attendant partisans.

But Paul's trial was to come. Scarcely had the first candidate left, but the second made his appearance. He was the chief banker of the town, and Paul did business at his house. Paul's unresisting compliance with his friends' requests had rendered his circumstances less easy now than they had been, and who does not know how good a thing it is to "stand well with one's banker," and have a friend in him? This candidate was difficult to refuse, and Paul in his heart, wished that he had come first. He professed himself to be a friend to "our glorious Constitution in Church and State, in favor of all measures calculated to promote the good of the country, and opposed to the destructive principles now afloat, and which threatened ruin to our most cherished institutions." Paul, after cordially agreeing in the soundness of these views, was solicited for his vote, and—he could not refuse! Who would to his banker? Besides, Paul quite approved of the views summarily expressed by him. Thus he was pledged to vote for both candidates, simply because he could say "no" to neither.

The election was a terrible trial to Paul. He was beset by the friends of both candidates, and so entreated and canvassed, so argued and expostulated with, that he found himself under the necessity of making a short tour until the election was over, and when he returned, found that he had been burnt in effigy by both sides.

Paul came to a sorry end. He breathed his last in the workhouse. The many friends to whom he could never say "no," did not look near him. Those who had begged him had scarcely their compassion to give. "Ah! it just happened as we thought it would; he was never doing anything away his money; why couldn't he have learned to sign that malter's ugly bond?"—This was all their sympathy.

It is of great importance to a man's peace and well-being, that he should say "no" at the right time. Many are ruined because they cannot, or do not say it. Vice often gains a footing within us, because we will not summon up the courage to say "no." We offer ourselves too often as willing sacrifices to the fashion of the world, because we have not the honesty to pronounce the little word. The duelist dares not say "no," for he would when a rich blackhead offers her his hand, because she has set her ambition upon an "establishment." The courtier will not say it, for he must smile and promise to all.

When pleasure tempts with its seductions, have the courage to say "no" at once. The little monitor within will approve the decision; and you will feel virtue grown stronger by the act. When dissipation invites you, and offers its secret pleasures, boldly say "no," if you do not, if you acquiesce and succumb, you will find virtue has gone out from you, and your self-reliance will have received a fatal shock. The first time you require an effort, but you will find your strength grow with use. It is the only way of meeting temptations to idleness, to self-indulgence, to folly, to bad custom, to meet it at once with an indignant "no." There is, indeed, great virtue in a "NO," when pronounced at the right time.

From "Poems of Hope and Action."

The Press.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

A million tongues are thine, and they are heard Speaking of hope to the nations, in the prime Of Freedom's day, to hasten on the time When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred With higher aims than now—when man shall stir Each man his brother—each shall tell to each His tale of love—and pure and holy speech Be music for the soul's high festival!

Thy gentle notes are heard, like coral waves, Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves, And earth's remotest island hears the sound That floats on airy wings the world around.

An "Indignant Southerner," in speaking of Maine, says that one half of the farms are so barren, that you might mow them with a razor, and rake them with a fine tooth comb, and yet not get enough to fuddle a grasshopper for a month.

Roosters have sometimes been called preachers, owing to the fact that they proclaim, voice and foot, the approach of day. What, then, shall we style the hens? Why, *lay members*, to be sure.

Some people imagine that when they are cold they are dignified. Their mistake, however, is nearly as great as was the jackass's, who thought he would make a splendid connoisseur of music, because he had such an ear for it. People cherish a frosty disposition, not because they are better than other folks, but because they fear the sunshine of conversation would thaw their slowness, and make their ignorance ooze out.

"The Puritans" were called such in sheer contempt. What jeers and flouts lay in the sarcasm, as it flashed from the lips of witty cavaliers! But they who bore it made it noble. It has rung over Europe, like a trumpet-blast of Freedom. It has been a watch-word of honor for centuries. Men are proud of it now, who would have flung it with contempt at the Roundheads in their day. "The Abolitionists" will not wait ages for their recompense of honor, if they be true to Humanity and to Truth.—N. Y. Independent.

The Philosopher's Stone.

BY ELIZA COOK.

O, what can that be, that with earnest endeavor We seek for in vain, yet keep seeking for ever? O, where is the charm that has baffled for ages The wise and the witless, the saints and the sages?

We go on pursuing, we go on believing, Still ardently wooing some thing that's deceiving; We gaze on some bubble that Fancy has blown, And behold in its shape the "Philosopher's Stone."

The child looketh out on the sunshine and moth, And he sees what the alchemist toils for in both; Let him play in the beam, let him capture the fly, And the world wears a mantle that dazzles his eye. But the heat and the light makes him weary full soon, And he finds we may tire of the summer day's noon.

The insect is crushed, and he sitteth alone, Sighing over his childhood's "Philosopher's Stone." The man in his prime is still doting and dreaming, Hope's roseate flames more intensely are gleaming; And he thinks the Alchemist yields all he desires, When Alfection's elixir is formed by his fires: He has seized on the charm, but he liveth to prove That some dross is not even transmuted by Love; And full many a bosom will mournfully own, It was cheated the most by this meteor Stone.

Old Age in ripe Wisdom conceiveth, at length, That the gold in itself holds the spell and the strength; And he scrapes and he gathers, in coffers and lands, And imagines he then has the charm in his hands. But he findeth, alas! that he cannot miss all Of Mortality's cypress and Misery's gall; Though monstrosities and mighty his heaps may have grown, Even wealth is a failing "Philosopher's Stone."

We pant after that, and we toil after this, And some wish-like delusion still beckons to bliss; We hang over Life's crucibles, fevered with care, Ever eager to find the great talisman there. We get sweet distillations and magical fumes, The rich fragrance beguiles, and the vapor illumines; But we find, when the perfume and mist-cloud have flown, That we have not secured the "Philosopher's Stone."

O! what folly it seems to be striving to gain Heaven's elixir, when we have the water of life in vain! Why struggle for bloom of celestial birth, While neglecting the gay flowers beside us on earth? Let us keep a "good conscience,"—this talisman seems To come nighest the charm of our chemical dreams; 'Tis the ray most direct from the Infinite Throne, And the only enduring "Philosopher's Stone."

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HENS.—Mr. A. kept his hens shut up. He was not going to have his garden destroyed by his own or his neighbor's hens. One morning he saw a couple digging in his early pea bed, and out he went with murder in his heart, but the hens flew over into neighbor B's garden; whereupon A. called over to him very angrily that he would shoot the next hen he saw on his side of the fence if he did not shut them up, which B. declared he would not do, and if A. was bold enough to shoot them he might do it for all he cared. A. was as good as his word, and day after day B. was saluted with the smell of gunpowder, and a message thrown over the fence with every fat pullet. "There's another chicken for your dinner," until at length, not finding the usual supply, B. called over one morning to neighbor A. to know the reason. This awakened inquiry, when it was discovered that A. had been shooting his own hens, as they occasionally escaped through a hole in the coop, and, in his anger at his neighbor for the supposed trespass, had furnished him with sundry fat chickens. No doubt he was a little angry at first, and thought any cunning trick after that better than shooting his neighbor's hens.

AN UNEXPECTED TERMINATION TO AN ELOPEMENT.—A few weeks ago, a young married man eloped from the neighborhood of Manchester, with a female relative, intending to proceed to America in one of the packet ships. The passages were taken, and every arrangement made. Unfortunately for the schemes of the faithless husband, an intimation of the circumstances was sent to his wife, who sold her goods and came over to Liverpool immediately. Having communicated her story to the captain of the vessel in which her husband was about to sail, she was allowed to go on board just at the time of sailing. The young woman who had run away with the husband, was sent on shore, and when the husband retired to his berth, he found, in place of his paramour, his lawful wife.

A large auctioneer house, a few days since, received a box, consigned to them as merchandise from New Orleans, for sale, for which they gave their receipt. When it was turned on to the side walk, a noise was heard within the box, and a crowd collected. The box was broken open, and out came, not a black, but white man, who ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. It seems some wag had picked him up drunk on the wharf, and boxed and sent him there as a joke.

FACTS.—We like the sentiment of the following quaint stanza: "What are another's faults to me? I've not a virtue's fault To pick at every fallow I see, And make it wider still. It is enough for me to know I've follies of my own, And on my heart the care bestow, And let my friends alone."

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head, till it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.—Butcher.

The lady who was 40 years old at the taking of the last census, reports herself this year as but 37.

Punch proposes the erection of a statue to the model woman—that is, a woman about to travel with one handbox.

ANOTHER BLOCK FOR THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.—There is understood to be a movement on foot between the different border Tribes of Western Indians, notwithstanding their supposed utterly destitute condition, to unite and contribute a memorial to the Government in the shape of a block of stone for the Washington Monument.

The Chicago Journal says the design has been so far consummated already as to render it nearly certain that the material is to be procured from the celebrated "Starved Rock" in Illinois; the Indians having no land they call their own to obtain it from—and the inscription it is to bear when finished, has been decided upon. It is simple but expressive, as conveyed in the following characteristic terms:

THIS STEP THE RED MAN GIVES TO THE PALE FACE to build him a path to a better HUNTING GROUND.

The "Board of Foreign Missions," it is expected, will volunteer the expense of its transportation to Washington.

A DUTCHMAN'S DIVORCE.—A Philadelphia friend, who writes a story as well as tells one, which is a rare art, sends us, among others, the subjoined: "A genuine Dutchman in this city has distinguished himself of late years by very remarkable actions, but nothing richer than the following:—Resolving to be divorced from his wife, he put the case into the hands of an eminent lawyer, and departed for the South, where he was absent for a year. On returning, he walked into the 'legal den,' and with head bolt upright, gravely inquired: 'How doeth it to midter divorce between me and mine wife?' 'Why really, Meinheer, I haven't been able to do much during your absence, but now you're back, we'll go ahead.' 'Yaw; den be so goot as to inform me vot to expenses might have been vot to divorce will be concluded?' The man of law, after calculating and summing up the items, informed him that the 'divorce' would probably amount to two hundred and fifty dollars when the divorce should be obtained. 'Very well, den,' replied Meinheer, 'I would ask you, if to save de expenses and spare de troubles, it would not be pest to squish de whole proceedings—for mine wife is dead.'—Knickerbocker.

THOMAS PAINE has appeared to a clairvoyant in Cleveland. She describes him as a very bright spirit, standing erect, lofty in appearance and high-mindedness. He was in company with George Washington and Ethan Allen. Paine informed the lady that he would prefer to have the money annually expended in festivals to his honor, distributed among the poor. He says that when he died, he believed that was the last of him, and could hardly reconcile himself to his new condition, when he first awoke in the spirit world. A change has evidently taken place in Mr. Paine's mind. He says that infidels on earth are the first to embrace truth after death, because they are so easy in "conquering their prejudices."

From the New-York Tribune.

The Water Cure.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Bethesda's waters move to-day; The steps are wet with falling spray— Wait not for one another; If fever smites thee in its wrath, Seek refuge in the cooling bath— Come on, my halting brother!

Unbind the napkin from thy head— Rise up, rise up, and take thy bed, For light will be the burden; Plunge in the pool, and wash away Disease, as Naaman did in Jordan. He dipped himself in the Jordan.

Then life shall be a Sabbath day, And dark forebodings fade away, And bliss shall know no sorrow; The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing, And Hope descend on rainbow wing, And crown each bright to-morrow.

The blind their sightless eyes unseal, The withered limbs the waters heal, Reform relights her torches, And leads the waiting multitude, Along the straight and narrow road That leads up to the porch.

The old man is again a boy, The halt and lame leap up for joy— Rejoice, ye sons and daughters! Ye lovers, never forget your pain— The white-winged angel comes again To move the healing waters.

The love of right and justice is an element to be recognized and cultivated. By this, wisdom and power are equalized. The civil liberty of a country is to be measured not by the condition of the richest, but by that of the poorest of its citizens. The spectacle of other ages has been noble—of men defending their own rights. But the spectacle of ours is sublime—of men taking care of those who are too weak to help themselves. (Great applause.) Christianity must be bankrupted, or liberty must become universal. Neither you nor I believe that the banner will be torn from the hand of God!—H. W. Beecher.

Words and Deeds.

The words and deeds of great men never die. They are not silent when their lips are dumb, And though we hear them not amid the hum Of bustling earth, in solitude the spirit sky They still are speaking, like the lark on high. That sings above the thundering battle plain; The poet and the painter chant one strain, And each to each gives immortality.

COOPER, in his novel of the "Deerslayer," makes some sport of a parcel of red Indians speculating over a chess figure, in the shape of an elephant, which they describe as a beast with two tails. The incident really occurred in the case of an Irish servant at a country house in Pennsylvania. A menagerie came along that way, and the elephant presented himself at the gate. The mistress of the house sent the servant forward with a feed of a loaf of bread. The "help" walked once or twice the length of the animal, and returned with the loaf. "Why haven't you given it to the elephant?" "Sure," says she, "and which end shall I give it to?"

MILTON IN PARVO.—The late Rev. Leigh Richmond, on being urged to write in an album, "if it were but two lines," inscribed this distich: "Can 'two lines' teach a lesson from above? Yes, one shall speak a volume—God is love!"

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

DAILY, WEEKLY, & SEMI-WEEKLY

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3. While its Telegraphic, Congressional, Foreign, California, and General News, is unsurpassed; its usual extent of non-advertising matter enables its Editors to devote a liberal space to discussions of the events and accounts of the progress of the great Moral, Social, and Philanthropic movements of the day. No other journal in America considers so fully and so hopefully the agitations of our time—looking to the extinction of Pauperism, and the Elevation of Labor.

4. Its commercial department is especially complete and lucid. It has been steadily under the charge of one person (Geo. M. Snow) ever since the paper was started, and will continue to be conducted by him, with all the efficiency which Experience can give to Industry. No other paper in the world gives so regular and full accounts of the country's progress in Railroads and other means of intercommunication as The Tribune, while its Markets, Foreign and Domestic, are full and accurate.

In Politics, The Tribune inclines to the Whig party, regarding it as the party of Peace, of Moderation, of Industrial Progress, and of scrupulous respect for the Rights of other countries and nations. The systematic encouragement and protection of Labor, the prosecution of Internal Improvements, whether through the efforts of the Federal Government, of the several States, or of associated individuals, and the promotion of Temperance, Morality, Industry, Social Justice, and Plenty, it recognizes as among the primary aims of Political and Social exertion. But while The Tribune accords generally with the Whig party, it is the slave of no party whatever. It fearlessly avows its convictions, whether popular or unpopular, accepted or rejected by any party, and is interested in political action only as that seems conducive to Human Well-being. The noble and beneficent idea of securing to every family an unfailing Home, by making the Public Lands Free in limited portions to each Actual Settler, and refusing them to others, or to those, except within fixed limits, has not yet been formally accepted by either of the great parties, yet it is regarded and commended by The Tribune as first among the Political Returns now attracting attention. Free Schools, Unrestricted Emigration, a legal Limitation of the Hours of Labor and the kindred measures, are regarded by The Tribune as concurrent means towards the one great end of securing a juster distribution of the burdens and blessings of Society, and of assuring to each industrious and well-disposed citizen, Education, Independence, and Comfort. To "level upward" by a more general diffusion of Knowledge, Virtue, Industry, Thrift, is The Tribune's ideal of a wise and commendable policy.

The Tribune is published by GREELEY & McELRATH, though ten of their associates in the Editorial, Mechanical, and Business departments of the concern, are connected with them in the proprietorship, and others probably will be. The design is that all who contribute to increase the value and efficiency of the paper shall reap a fair share of the profit thence arising. The regular City Edition is issued at an early hour each morning, and served as soon as may be to its subscribers throughout the City and its vicinity. Two Evening Editions are issued at 11-2 and 3 o'clock respectively, which are sold at the counters, and transmitted by Mail, but not delivered to city carriers. The Weekly is issued every Thursday at \$2 per year, or twenty copies for \$20; its circulation is 44,000. The Semi-Weekly, each Tuesday and Friday at \$3 per year—ten copies for \$20. The Daily is offered in the City and Brooklyn at 12-2 cents per week, and its circulation is now nearly 19,000 copies. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by GREELEY & McELRATH, 154 Nassau street.

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THE following are for Sale at the SALEMAN BOOKSTORE:

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The work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and when not taken in connection with the Reviews or Blackwood, is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

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